
Title: Shadow: Wraithlrd, Pt: 1

Author: Shadow

It was an odd looking
knife, created long
before Seth was born.
For one thing it wasn't
symmetrical. The
handle curved to one
side, lined with soft
leather all the way to
the hilt. Eight runes
had been carved
around the handle
just below the blade,
dyed in what Seth
could only assume
was blood. The blade
was not very wide,
but it still stretched a
good five or six inches
from the handle to the
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The house was now no
more than a shack.
The front door lay a
few feet in front of
the porch, torn
completely from the
hinges. On the side
lay a burning pile of
what appeared to be
his furniture and
some personal
belongings. The
windows were
smashed in as well,
with glass scattered
all across the grass.
But these were all
details in his mind;
Seth was completely
focused on the body
that lay next to the
tipped-over outhouse.

The sight of Andrea
unconscious made Seth
lose all sense of
instinct as he raced to
her side. He didn't see
the slender strand of
string stretching
from the house to the
outhouse. Didn't see
the crouching man
ducked down behind
the pile of furniture
waiting to be tossed
into the inferno. Didn't
see anything until it
was too late. His feet
clumsily tripped over
the tight strand,
making Seth crash to
the ground. He rolled
over just in time to see
a grinning, toothless
man raise the handle
of his dagger and
smash it into his face.
Then there was

nothing but darkness.

The sight of Andrea unconscious made Seth lose all sense of instinct as he raced to her side. He didn't see the slender strand of string stretching from the house to the outhouse. Didn't see the crouching man ducked down behind the pile of furniture waiting to be tossed into the inferno. Didn't see anything until it was too late. His feet clumsily tripped over the tight strand, making Seth crash to the ground. He rolled over just in time to see a grinning, toothless man raise the handle of his dagger and smash it into his face. Then there was nothing but darkness.

"Well looks like our catch be awake. I was wondering when we could start the fun." The large man strode over to where Seth was tied and grinned, staring straight into his eyes. The man turned to walk away, only to spin around and punch Seth directly in the stomach. The brigand only chuckled as Seth dropped to his knees coughing. "And that's just the start little man," he said as walked over to where the other two men had moved. It looked as if those men were tying his hides to a tree across the small clearing in the forest. Only it wasn't his hides, it was Andrea.

Seth squirmed against his restraints, trying to find some way to save her. The large man walked over to the other two, said a few hushed words, nodded, and came back over to the tree Seth was tied to. "Quite a good time we've already had tonight. Between your belongings and food we've had quite a party. But unfortunately for you it's about to end, as we have to be moving along." The man motioned with his right hand, and the stool Andrea stood on was kicked away. She fell for a fraction of a second before the tope went tight against her neck.